Glace Nuts. Delightful Confections of a Superior Grade.

They're dainty and they're delicious. One's guests relish them and approve the thought of the hostess in providing them.

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ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS!

The Greatest Piano Sale in Washington's History Ends This Week-W. F. Frederick Music Co.'s Great Clearance Sale of the Entire D. G. Pfeiffer Stock Will Be Only a Matter of History After a Few Days.

CREAT BARGAINS IN PIANOS FOR EVERYBODY

Take Advantage of the Opportunity and Save \$125 to \$200 on Your Piano Purchase.

1328 F St. N. W.

Open Evenings.

of this sale to buy before its close; those who put rooms on account of the weather or because it was envenient, is this article addressed.

think of buying may be gone by the last day, and u will not have such a variety of finishes to select from. It is a poor day with us when we do not sell at least eight to ten planos. We have still a number of the very best bargains left, both in make and price, but the time is

fast approaching when we must bring this CLEARANCE SALE to an end. The planos are going at about one-half regular price. You can save from \$100 to \$200 on your purchase. IS IT If you do not feel able to pay cash do not over-

look the fact that these planes are all marked down and sold on the easiest terms possible. All treated alike. The easy-payment price is the Every plane we sell in this sale represents only

the simple factory cost of the plane itself (many of them are going for less). The loss of all profit on the goods is just that much money saved to the purchaser, but every purchaser will be our stanch friend in the future.

We admit that should you learn the low prices and easy terms at which these planes are daily being taken your astonishment would be great, but then consider the circumstances, the position we are placed in, and the few days we have left in have practically turned them loose for what they

able to please an exacting public in choice of good makes of planos. There are here such high-grade makes as the Chickering, Steinway, Behning, Mar-

Bradbury, Brewster, Bayer, Sherwood and others. Practically all of them new; a few used planos but priced and sold accordingly.

Magnificent standard grade upright planes, in plain and fancy cases, choice of several different makes, former regular prices were \$400, \$450 and \$500; SALE PRICES, to close them out this week, \$254, \$287 to \$337, on terms to suft purchasers. The small-payment buyer has the same benefit

of these prices as the man with the cash. ONE PRICE TO ALL. Two beautiful sample aprights, in fancy mahogany cases, worth \$375, will be closed out at \$238, on very easy terms. Good, serviceable upright pianos of several different makes, most of them new, others only slightly shopworn, regular prices of which have always been \$250, \$300, \$350

and \$400, are marked to go for \$117, \$164, \$187, \$215, \$254, on very easy terms. Square planes of first-class makes, \$10, \$25 and In our anxiety to dispose of this stock this

week no offer that is within the bounds of reason will be refused. Our ware rooms are to be remodeled and we cannot allow these planes to re main here during the alterations. Then, again, we have large shipments of new planos way, and our ware rooms must be completed to receive these in the shortest possible time.

WE SHALL POSITIVELY BRING THIS SPE-CIAL SALE to an end on Saturday night, but do not delay calling too long, otherwise the plano of your choice may be gone and you will be disap-

We keep the store open evenings this week for the convenience of those who cannot come in dur-D. G. PFEIFFER, Manager,

DULIN & MARTIN CO.

Handsome Electroliers Greatly Reduced for Quick Clearance.

HE time of this sale could not be more opportune. With the season of weddings at hand, this opportunity to see the season of weddings. tunity to secure handsome gifts at such great sav-

These Electroliers are being disposed of to make room for new importations. They are thoroughly desirable in every re-

spect-rich, distinctive and artistic. Note how deeply prices have been reduced.

The second secon	1 1	
Tall French Gilt and	Was.	Now.
Bronze Empire Style		
Electrolier\$	195.00	*PT 00
Tall Green Bronze	100.00	\$00.00
Electroller, with mo-		
saic shade and bead		
fringe	\$75.00	\$43.00
Roycroft Mission	010.00	\$ 10.00
Style Electrolier, with		
mosaic glass panels	\$60.00	\$43.00
Artistic Brass Elec-	* Colores	
troller, with cone		10.00
shape floral inlaid		PERSONAL STREET
glass shade	\$55.00	\$35.00
Wheatley Pottery		1 2000000000000000000000000000000000000
Electrolier, with mo-		SASSESSATION CO.
saic glass shade	\$33.00	\$20.00
Colonial style Brass		
Electroller, with		
square colored glass		***
shade	\$27.50	\$20.00
Dresden Electrolier		
and shade, Marie Ter-	\$35.00	e 12.00
PSA DECUESTION	A	A. O. 187

bronze trimmings and bead effect...... \$35.00 \$25.00 Tulip Design Brass Electrolier, with colored glass floral shade \$40.00 \$28.00 Imported Pottery Electrical Art Objects.

Tall Metallic Laces

covered Electrolier and shade with bronze

trimmings and bead

.... \$45.00 \$30.00

"The Blacksmith"... \$55.00 \$30.00 \$30.00 \$20.00 \$16.50 \$16.50 \$11.00

Dulin & Martin Co., Pottery, Porcelain, China, Glass, Silver, Etc.,

1215 F St. and 1214-18 G St.

A New Line of Attractive Delivery Wagons.

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It pays to read the want columns of The through them.

ERROR OF JUROR HALTS THE TRIAL

Guernsey Visited Scene of Shooting Without Consulting Court or Counsel in the De Massy Trial.

NEW YORK, April 30.—The trial of though. We will now separate for the day, and it becomes my duty to admonish you not to converse among yourselves nor with Anisia Louise de Massy for the murder of Gustav Simon stopped suddenly yesterday afternoon when one of the jurors, in quesloning a witness, made it known that he this case."

Justice Blanchard added very earnestly that the jurors were not to go to the scene of the crime and that they were not to be influenced by anything not produced before them in court. Then he discharged the jury until 10:30 o'clock this morning.

After the jurors had gone Justice Blanchard sent for Assistant District Attorney Ely, and they discussed what had happened. Assistant District Attorney Taylor, who is in charge of Mr. Jerome's appeal bureau, joined the conference. When it was over Justice Blanchard said he didn't know what he was going to do. He would conhad been to the scene of the killing and ooked over the ground for his own infornation. There have been cases in which verdicts have been reversed because a juror went to the scene of the crime while the trial was on, the theory being that a juror should consider nothing except the evidence resented in court.

Justice Blanchard is very desirous of endng the trial before the month is over, and ne was holding a session late yesterday afternoon. Policeman Gustav Pratt, who found the revolver on the stairway in the building at 604 Broadway, where Simon had his office and where he was shot, was describing where he had found the pistol. The contention of the prosecution is that Mrs. de Massy dropped the pistol on the stairway as she went out. The defense is that it was dropped by somebody else, and whos considered very important. The policeman said it was on the stairway at the bottom of the building. Simon's office was on

Asked a Question.

There was not much surprise when Juror leorge W. Guernsey got up and asked a question. Both sides were through with the woman who shot me.' She said, 'No. I Pratt and he had left the stand when Guernsey called him back. Guernsey had been asking questions before, as had other juas the jurors in most cases ask few ques-

"I am familiar with that stairway, because I went there and looked it over," said Mr. Guernsey, "and I want to have you

the unexpected announcement of the juror. At each recess the jurors are instructed by the court not to discuss the case among themselves or do anything that would influence their judgment.
"You had no business to do that," said
Assistant District Attorney Ely, who saw

"You had no business to go there," said

"I beg your pardon," said Juror Guernsey, who was flustered at the commotion he had raised. "I didn't know. I went past there."
"Then go on with your question," said

Justice Blanchard.

Juror Guernsey asked if the policeman picked up the pistol on one of the three steps near the bottom or the three steps near the top of the first landing. "It was on one of the three steps at the bottom," the policeman said.

The Rules of Law.

"Of course, the juror did not mean to do anything wrong," said Mr. Ely. "I think not go and look at these premises or inspect them without the permission of the

chard, 'require you to get the information concerning the case in the court room, in the presence of the judge and in the presence of the defendant." "Shall I make a statement?" inquired Juror Guernsey.

"No, I do not want any statement," replied Justice Blanchard. "I do not know enough.

WOULD DELAY OHIO PRIMARY. Chairman Says Sentiment is to Decide

on Taft or Foraker Later. TOLEDO, April 30.-Walter Brown, chairman of the republican state central committee, issued the following statement vesterday regarding the Taft-Foraker con-

No request has been made to me as chairman of the state central committee to call a meeting of that committee for the purpose of considering a state primary election to determine the choice of the republicans of the state for a presidential canlidate. Until some such request is made I have nothing to add to what I said when such a primary was first suggested, that conduct a primary election upon a general sublicans in Lucas county, as expressed hrough the newspapers and otherwise, is verwhelmingly opposed to engaging in any contests within the party, save such as re-ate wholly to municipal matters, until fter the municipal election in Novem-

Mr. Brown has confided to his friends that the members of the state committee do not favor either Foraker or Taft to the exent that they would let either dictate the olicy of the committee. Chairman Brown went to Akron, Ohio, vesterday to meet Senator Dick.

FIGHT IN TEGUCIGALPA.

Seven Killed-Nicaraguans Stopped Combats of Hondurian Factions.

PUERTO CORTEZ, April 23 (via New Orleans, April 30.-Fresh fighting has occurred in Honduras, the latest being an action in the streets of the capital between the factions of the victorious Honduran rebels, who a few weeks ago helped Nicaragua overthrow the government,

A letter which escaped censorship says that the troops of the funta opened hostilities among themselves on April 8. The fighting was due to the form of govern-ment which the leaders had tried. Three of these leaders, Rosales, Bustillo and Castro, agreed to take turns as president, each serving fifteen days. It developed, however, that each during his term at-tempted to strengthen his party by dividing the patronage where it would do him most good. Finally the friends of Policarpo Bonilla proclaimed Bustillo provisional president without any fifteen-day clause, and the opposing factions did the same

for Rosales. Then fighting began.

Troops of both sides occupied University place, adjoining the palace. Rosales, from a window of the presidential palace, shouted to his partisans to open fire. The other side replied, merchants shut their shops and a battle was on in the principal business streets of Tegucigalpa. Badly aimed bullets showered upon the houses, but caused only seven deaths.

Gen. Leguel R. Davila, who is now pro-

visional president, rushed among the com-batants and persuaded their leaders to stop the fighting. Later, another battle was started near the town, but this time the Nicaraguan invaders marched up and ar-rested all the troops of both factions. Not shot was fired by the Nicaraguans.

a shot was fired by the Nicaraguans.

The Nicaraguans continue to police the capital, and it is safe to say that if President Zelaya withdraws his forces from Honduras the strongest faction will take possession and proclaim a president of its choice. These same conditions may make it necessary for the American gunboats to continue indefinitely their protection over foreign interests. Already forced loans in Tegucigalpa and paper money have about paralyzed the commerce of that city. These conditions would probably extend to the coast towns within forty-eight hours after the departure of the American bluejackets.

H. T. Holladay, jr., has entered the con test for the democratic nomination for the house of delegates from Orange county, Va. Capt. C. C. Taliaferro, the incumbent, is a candidate for re-election, but is now abant on a trip through France. absent on a trip through France. W. S. sion Sep France is also a candidate.

what he was going to do. He would con-sider all the phases of the case and look up the law on the subject over night, and this morning he would make known his decision in open court. It is possible that Justice Blanchard, to obviate any error,

any one else on any subject connected with

Policeman Werzansky, who arrested Mrs. de Massy, swore yesterday that Simon identified her as the woman who had shot him. The policeman arrested her in the street and took her to Simon's office.

may decide to send the jury as a body to the scene of the killing.

Fired Three Shots.

"I asked him, 'What did she do?' " said Werzansky, "and he replied, She fired three shots at me.' Then I said, 'Put your hand on the woman who shot you'-there were others in the room-and he put his hand on the defendant, and said, 'This is didn't do it.' Then I showed her the revolver and said, 'Is this your revolver?' and she replied, 'No, it doesn't belong to me.'"

It appeared that Mrs. De Massy wasn't very much excited. She carried a handbag, a parasol and a paper bag filled with samples. She went calmly enough to the sta-tion, and Capt. Kemp asked her why she had killed Simon. She said she hadn't.

After the French woman had been locked up, Werzansky and another policeman wen o her bag and got the keys to her apart ment. They searched the place, and in a sewing machine drawer they found a box of cartridges. They took them back to the station, where ex-Assistant District Attorney Cardozo was examining her. He asked her how long she had had the sewing machine, and she said for some time. N one else had access to it. He showed her the box with cartridges and she said there were pins in it. When he opened the box and showed her the cartridges she said she had never seen them before, and she didn't know what they were. The cartridges fitted

insulted her or offended her in any way. Defendant Very Animated.

the pistol with which Simon was killed. She told Mr. Cardozo that Simon had never

Mrs. Annie Menzies, a police matron, gave some testimony that greatly interested the woman spectators and others. She said that Mrs. de Massy carried a silk -bag which was hitched to her walst with a silken string. She carried the bag between her underskirt and her outside skirt. Just what she used it for did not come out, but the prosecution suggested that the revolver could have been carried in this bag.

Mr. Ely called on Mr. Le Barbier to produce the bag. Mr. Le Barbier promptly replied that he couldn't produce it. Mrs. de Massy was just as animated and chipper yesterday as at any time since the trial started. When Policeman Werzansky told of how Simon identified her as the woman who shot him she became very angry and said in a voice audible to almost every one in the court room: "You lie! you lie!" After that she took things calmly

MEETING OF COMMITTEE.

Movement in Interest of George Washington University.

The committee on building and endowment of George Washington University reported at a meeting last evening that the sum of \$139,300 had been raised to date. At the colse of the meeting Dr. Needham, president of the university, announced that it is hoped to increase this sum to \$200,000, and that various means toward that end were discussed. During the discussion of the subject the fourteen members of the committee pledged their best efforts toward raising \$1,000 each during the coming week. No announcement was made concerning the new site, as it has not yet been se-lected. The committee will meet again next Monday evening.

GOLDEN CONVICTED.

Found Guilty of Assault on Mrs. Davis With Intent to Maim.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., April 30.-Ellsworth Golden, twenty years old, near Annapolis, was convicted in the circuit court for Anne Arundel county yesterday of the shooting of Mrs. Blanche Davis, twenty-six years old, wife of William Davis of Germantown, on the outskirts of Annapolis. Golden was convicted of assault with intent to maim. The court suspended sentence.

The court suspended sentence.

The shooting took place on April 17. It was testified at the trial, as has been stated previously, that Golden had for some time been living at the Davis home, and being out of employment had done odd jobs about the house in return for his board. Mrs. Davis' husband is engaged in work out of the city, and it was testified by her that during his absence Golden had several times threatened to shoot her because she would not forsake her husband for him She said that Golden stated that unless she went with him she would not live to see her husband again. In the meantime Mrs.
Davis wrote to her husband telling him to

come home at once and protect her.
Golden, the jury believed, learned of this and left the house on the afternoon of the 17th, but returned about 8 o'clock just after dark with a shotgun and he fired at Mrs. Davis, who was standing in the dining Mrs. Davis, who was standing in the dining room of her house with a small baby in her arms, through a window. The shot tore away six panes of glass. Nearly the whole load struck Mrs. Davis in the back and Dr. William Welch, who was summoned, extracted thirty-two of the shot from her back. The wounds, however, were not serious. One shot inflicted an abrasion on the infant's leg. There were no witnesses the infant's leg. There were no witnesses to the shooting, but two witnesses gave testo the shooting, but two witnesses gave tes-timony that they saw Golden on the road in the vicinity of the Davis home carrying a gun, one of whom heard the shot fired a few minutes after passing the young man. Golden had also been indicted by the grand jury for criminal assault upon Mrs. Davis just a few hours before the shooting

Reception to Mr. Warner.

KENSINGTON, April 30, 1907. A reception to Mr. B. H. Warner will be held in the Sunday school room of the Warner Memorial Presbyterian Church, Wednesday, May 1, at 7:30 p.m. Mr. Warner will be presented with a flag and staff on behalf of the residents of Montgomery county. The orchestra of Kensington will give choice selections, and there will be choir singing after the refreshments have been served. Remarks will be made by some of Mr. Warner's old friends.

The committee in charge consists of Messrs. D. W. Baker, Peyton Gordon, Cornellus Eckhardt, John Fisher, R. W. Stevens, Arthur Hendricks and J. W. Buck.

The Chesapeake presbytery, an organization of the United Presbyterian Churches of Northern Virginia, will hold its next eession September 10 at Aldie, Loudoun coun-

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Bedding Renovated at Moderate Cost Equal to New.



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Excellence of construction is of such great importance in a refrigerator that we have willfully sacrificed profits in order to meet the prices asked by others while selling the highest grade of goods. We guarantee without hesitation the reliability of every Refrigerator or Ice Chest we sell, no matter how low the price. We have many styles and sizes, including the all-metal, cylindrical "White Frost," and prices on practical sizes of Refrigerators start as

\$6.50.



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We say without hesitation that you will not find a better stock of Go-Carts in the city or anything like as low prices.



Go-Cart, with full roll



This well-constructed

BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER.

BY RANDALL PARRISH.

AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING." '

CHAPTER IV. On the Naked Plain.

It was two hundred and eighteen miles.

and the rock ford crossing the Bear Water. every foot of that dreary, treeless distance Indian-hunted, the favorite skulking place and hunting ground of the restless Sioux. Winter and summer this wide expanse had to be suspiciously patrolled by numerous military scouting parties, anxious to learn more regarding the uncertain whereabouts of wandering bands and the purposes of clutching hands held their tenacious grip. thither by continually shifting rumors of hostile raids upon the camps of cattlemen.

All this involved rough, difficult service, with small meed of honor attached, while exposed to view. The whole terrible story was engraven there—how he had tolled.

One such company, composed of a dozen

mounted infantrymen, accompanied by

three Cree trailers, rode slowly and wearily across the brown exposed uplands down into the longer, greener grass of the wide valley bottom, until they emerged upon a barely perceptible trail which wound away barren hills whose blue masses were darkly silhouetted against the western sky. Upon every side of them extended the treeless wilderness, the desolate loneliness of bare, brown prairie, undulating just enough to be baffling to the eyes, yet so duli, barren, grim, silent and colorless as to drive men, mad. The shimmering heat rose and fell in great pulsating waves, although no slightest breeze came to stir the stagnant air, while thick clouds of white dust, impregnated with poisonous alkali, rose from out the grass roots, stirred by the horses' feet, to powder the passersby from head to foot. The animals moved steadily forward, reluctant and weary, their heads drooping dejectedly, their distended nostrils red and quivering, the oily perspiration streaking their dusted sides. The tired men, half blinded by the glare, lolled heavily in their deep cavalry saddles, with inrusted eyes staring moodily ahead. Riding alone and slightly in advance of the main body, his mount a rangy, broad-chested roan, streaked with alkali dust, the drooping head telling plainly of wearied muscles, was the officer in command. He was a pleasant-faced, stalwart young fellow, with the trim figure of a trained athlete, possessing a square chin smoothly shaven, his intelligent blue eyes half con-cealed beneath his hat brim, which had been drawn low to shade them from the glare, one hand pressing upon his saddle holster as he leaned over to rest. No insignia of rank served to distinguish him from those equally dusty fellows plodding gloomly behind, but a broad stripe of yellow running down the seams of his trousers, together with his high boots, bespoke the cavalry service, while the front of his battered campaign hat bore the decora-tions of two crossed sabers with a gilded "T" prominent between. His attire was completed by a coarse blue shirt, unbuttoned at the throat, about which had been loosely knotted a darker colored silk handkerchief, and across the back of the saddle was fastened a uniform jacket, the single shoulder strap revealed presenting the plain yellow of a second lieutenant.

Attaining to the summit of a slight knoll, whence a somewhat wider vista lay outspread, he partially turned his face toward he men straggling along in the rear, while his hand swept across the dreary scene.
"If that line of trees over yonder indicates the course of the Bear Water, Carson," he questioned quietly, "where are we expected to hit the trail leading down to the

The sergeant thus addressed a little stocky fellow wearing a closely clipped gray moustache, spurred his exhausted horse into a brief trot and drew up short by the officer's side, his heavy eyes scan-ning the vague distance, even while his right hand was uplifted in the perfunctory "There's no trail I know about along this

out at the top is the ford guide."

They rode down in moody silence into the next depression and began wearily climbing the long hill opposite, apparently the last before coming directly down the banks of the stream. As his barely moving movement mechanical, her eyes fastened horse topped the uneven summit the lieutenant suddenly drew in his rein and, uttering an exclamation of surprise, bent for-ward, staring intently down in his immediate front. For a single instant he appeared to doubt the evidence of his own eyes, then he swung hastly from out the saddle, all weariness forgotten.

Then her glance wandered away and mally rested upon another little kneeling group a few yards farther down stream. A look of fresh intelligence swept into her face.

"Is that him?" she questioned tremblingly.

of a grewsome tragedy, the thoroughly aroused lieutenant dropped upon his knees beside them, his eyes already moist with sympathy, his anxious fingers feeling for a

possible heart-beat. A moment of hushed, breathless suspense followed, and then he began flinging terse, eager commands across his shoulder to where his men were clustered. "Here! Carson, Perry, Ronk, lay hold quick and break this fellow's clasp." he cried briefly. "The girl retains a spark of life yet, but the man's arms fairly crush

With all the rigidity of actual death those

malcontents, or else drawn hither and but the aroused soldiers wrenched the internever had soldiers before found trickier foemen to contend against or fighters more worthy of their steel.

was engraven there—how he had toned, agonized, suffered, before finally yielding to the inevitable and plunging forward in unconsciousness, written as legibly as though by a pen. Every pang of mental torture had left plainest imprint across that torture had left plainest imprint across that haggard countenance. He appeared old, pitiable, a wreck. Carson, who in his long service had witnessed much of death and suffering, bent tenderly above him, seeking for some faint evidence of lingering life. His fingers felt for no wound, for to his experienced eyes the sad tale was already in snake-like twistings toward those high, sufficiently clear-hunger, exposure, the horrible heart-breaking strain of hopeless en-deavor had caused this ending, this unspeakable tragedy of the barren, waterless plain. He had witnessed it all before and hoped now for little. The anxious lieutenant, bareheaded under the hot glare, strode hastily across from beside the unconscious but breathing girl and stood gazing doubtfully down upon them.
"Any life, sergeant?" he demanded, his

"He doesn't seem entirely gone, sir," and Carson glanced up into the officer's face, his own eyes filled with feeling. "I can distinguish just a wee bit of breathing, but it's so weak the pulse hardly stirs." "What do you make of it?"

"Starving at the bottom, sir. The only thing I see now is to get them down to water and food."

The young officer glanced swiftly about him across that dreary picture of sun-burnt, desolate prairie stretching in every direction, his eyes pausing slightly as they surveyed the tops of the distant cotton-

"Sling blankets between your horses," he commanded decisively. "Move quickly, lads, and we may save one of these lives yet." He led in the preparation himself, his heeks flushed, his movements prompt, decisive. As if by some magic discipline the rude, effective litters were rapidly made ready, and the two seemingly lifeless bodies gently lifted from off the ground and deposited carefully within. Down the long, brown slope they advanced slowly, a soldier grasping the rein and walking at each horse's head, the supporting blankets, securely fastened about the saddle po swaying gently to the measured tread of the trained animals. The lieutenant directed every movement, while Carson rode ahead picking out the safest route through shadows of the first group of cottonwoods, almost on the banks of the muddy Bear Water, the little party let down their senseless burdens and began once more their seemingly hopeless efforts at resuscitation. A fire was hastily kindled from dried and broken branches, and broth was made which was forced through teeth that had to be pried open. Water was used un-sparingly, the soldiers working with fever-ish eagerness, inspired by the constant admonitions of their officer, as well as their own curlosity to learn the facts hidden behind this tragedy.

It was the dark eyes of the girl which

opened first, instantly closing again as the glaring light swept into them. Then slowly and with wonderment she gazed up into those strange, rough faces surrounding her, pausing in her first survey to rest her glance on the sympathetic countenance of

the young lieutenant, who held her half re-clining upon his arm.
"Here," he exclaimed kindly, interpreting "There's no trail I know about along this bank, sir," he replied respectfully; "but the cottonwood with the dead branch forking to care for you. Peters, bring another cup out at the ten is the ford wide."

> upon his face. sponded at last, her voice faint and husky. Then her glance wandered away and finally rested upon another little kneeling group a "Is that him?" she questioned tremblingly

"My God!" he cried sharply, his eyes suspiciously sweeping the bare slope. "There are two bodies lying here—white people!"

They lay all doubled up in the coarse grass, exactly as they had fallen, the man resting face downward, the slender figure of the girl clasped vice-like in his arms, with her tightly closed eyes upturned toward the glaring sun. Their strange, strained, unnatural posture, the rigidity of their limbs, the ghastly pallor of the exposed young face accentuated by dark, disheveled hair, all alike seemed to indicate death. Never once questioning but that he was confronting the closing scene in two bodies lying here—white people!"

"He wasn't when we first got here, but mighty near gone, I'm afraid. I've been working over you ever since."

She shook herself free and sat weakly up, her lips tight compressed, her eyes apparently blind to all save that motionless body she could barely distinguish. "Let me tell you, that fellow's a man, just the same; the gamest, nerviest man I ever saw. I reckon he got hit, too, though he never said nothing about it. That's his style."

The deeply interested lieutenant removed his watchful eyes from off his charge just long enough to glance inquiringly across

a wound, sergeant?" he asked loudly a wound, sergeant?" he asked loudly.
"A mighty ugly slug in the shoulder, sir; has bled scandalous, but I guess it's the very luck that's goin' to save him; seems now to be coming out all right"

The officer's brows knitted savagely. "It begins to look as if this might be some of our business. What hampened? Indians?" our business. What happened? Indians

"How far away?" "I don't know. They caught us in a canyon somewhere out yonder, maybe three or four days ago; there was a lot killed, some of them soldiers. My dad was shot, and then that night he-he got me out up the rocks and he—he was carrying me in his arms when I—I fainted. I saw there was blood on his shirt, and it was dripping down on the grass as he walked. That's about

all I know. The girl looked squarely into the lieu-tenant's eyes, and for some reason which she could never clearly explain even to herself, lied calmly, "I don't know; I never

Sergt. Carson rose stiffly from his knees beside the extended figure and strode heav-ily across toward where they were sitting, lifting his hand in soldierly salute, his heels clicking as he brought them sharply ogether in military precision "The fellow is getting his eyes open. sir." he reported, "and is breathing more reg-

ular. Purty weak yit, but he'll come round

in time." He stared curiously down at the

girl, now sitting up unsupported, while a sudden look of surprised recognition swept across his face.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed eagerly, "but I know you. You're old man Gillis' gal from Bethune, ain't ye?" The quickly uplifted dark eyes seemed to lighten the ghastly pallor of her face and

her lips trembled.
"Yes," she acknowledged simply, "but he's dead." The lieutenant laid his ungloved hand softly on her shoulder, his blue eyes moist

with aroused feeling.

"Never mind, little girl," he said with boyish sympathy. "I knew Gillis, and now the sergeant has spoken, I remember you quite well. Thought all the time your facwas familiar, but couldn't quite decide where I had seen you before. So poor old Gillis has gone, and you are left all alone in the world! Well, he was an old soldier, could not have hoped to live much longer anyway, and would rather go fighting at the end. We'll take you back with us to Bethune, and the ladies of the garrison will look after you.'

The recumbent figure lying a few yards away half lifted itself upon one elbow, and Hampton's face, white and haggard, stared uncertainly across the open space. For an instant his gaze dwelt upon the crossed sa bers shielding the gilded "7" on the front of the lieutenant's scouting hat, then set-tled upon the face of the girl. With one hand pressed against the grass he pushed himself slowly up until he sat fronting them, his teeth clinched tight, his gray eyes gleaming feverishly in their sinker sockets.
"I'll be d-- if you will!" he said hoarsely. "She's my girl now."
(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

700 Sheep Blown Up by Raiders.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., April 30 .- An explosion of dynamite at John Linn's sheet camp on Trapper creek, Big Horn county Sunday night killed 700 sheep and destroyed the camp wagons and outfit. A herder said yesterday that a band of masked men raided the camp, and, after binding him set off the dynamite.



Self Made Monarchs

Leonard Lindsey

Adventurers who courted danger as other men courted women"

> Also one of the Famous Dick Ryder Stories

Shorty McCabe and a Maine backwoodsman in New York

Next Sunday's Magazine

SUNDAY STAR